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HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Editor of the N. Y. Saturday Press,
No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y.

For the New York Saturday Press

RAIN.

Rain—rain! the maples tossed their limbs
Wearily in the air,
And the flowers humbly bowed their heads
And prayed a sweet, mute prayer.

The hills looked up to the mocking sky
With stern reproachful frowns,
And the farmers' eyes were full of dust
As they followed their grating plows.

A maiden, going to town with eggs,
Sat down in the shady lane,
Languidly wiped her glowing face
And sighed—Will it never rain?

The trees stood still in grateful joy
The flowers, in sweet surprise,
Look up to the darkly gushing clouds
With glad, wide-open eyes.

The mountains soften into a smile,
The farmers' hand in doubt,
Hurry their slow-paced oxen home
With many a rallying shout.

The maiden, returning from market, trips
Gleefully down the lane,
And laughs, as she wet from her bonnet drips,
"Dear me! what a glorious rain!"

EMILY HEWITT PRUESS.

For the New York Saturday Press

FARR, GRAYDON & CO.

BY J. W. WATSON.

In the year 1833 the house of Farr, Graydon & Co.

were bankers of the highest repute. Wall street bowed

to their signature, and the scratch of their pen com-

manded a shower of gold all over the Union wherever

it was shown.

One January day, John Graydon sat in his office;

not the dull, gray, dirty receptacle of mouldy papers,

generally associated with the idea of a business-office,

but a splendidly furnished room in the rear of the bank-

ing-house, where none were admitted but the great-

er of his financial connections, or his more intimate

personal friends.

There sat John Graydon leaning heavily on a table,

his head resting on his hand. Graydon was a young

man, a handsome man; his black hair hung over a

small white band, and his eye, though this moment

sunken and bloodshot, did not betray dissipation or

the cares of business.

The firm of Farr, Graydon & Co., was originally estab-

lished by the father of John Graydon, who three years

before this time had retired, leaving the principal charge

of this establishment in the hands of his son, who had

been brought up in it, and had the entire confidence of

all.

"Three little days," said Graydon, "it is a short

time; only three days of grace, and I am a ruined

man. The world will know that I am a gambler, a

fool, and a thief, the robber of those who have en-

trusted their all in my hands. It is pleasant to con-

template that in three days, next Thursday, this room

will be filled with frightened people poring over those

very books, and cursing me from their souls. To

think there is no help! I have kept this phantom

away as long as I had power to resist, but now it is

too late. O! if I had but a chance to recall all these mis-

takes! There is no hope! In three days it will be

known that John Graydon is a defaulter for half a

million, and one portion of the world will be horri-

fied at my depravity, the other envy me my chance."

And John Graydon rose from his chair and walked the

room with heavy steps.

"But by Heaven," he resumed, "I will not be

pointed at without some compensation. If I am to

have fingers pointed at me, and curses upon my head

for half a million, it shall be for more." He clenched

his hands as he spoke, resumed his seat, and the ex-

"By loving me,"
"I love you."

"Aye, but more than this. Listen to me, Emilia. I

am a ruined, a disgraced man. To-morrow it will be

known to all that John Graydon has embezzled the

money that has been entrusted to his hands: to-morrow

his name will be a by-word and a reproach in the

mouths of honest men. This night, this very night, I

must fly from my home and my native city, never to

return. You, Emilia, must go with me."

The last sentence was uttered in a hoarse whisper.

Graydon had seized her hand as he spoke, and an in-

terfering gaze seemed to say to her—"You must go or

you must die."

"My husband," she gasped, "my husband! if he

should overtake us!"

"Overtake us! Do you think, Emilia, I am a boy? Do

you think I have no more at stake than this? He

cannot overtake us. I have been preparing this flight

for months. Emilia, you have de-

clared you loved me, that you would surrender all for

me; prove it now. Your husband is a cruel, tyrannical

man; he is no husband, he is no companion. You

fear him, you do not love him. You know how I have

mothered, when I have met him, my desire to quarrel.

You know he has only tolerated me for the sake of the

money he has obtained in play. Fool that he was, not

to see that I allowed him to win. I loved you, Emilia,

and I believed that this money would be lavished on

you. I was mistaken: the selfish egoist cares only

for himself."

The woman looked in the face of Graydon. An ex-

pression half of shame, and half of love, played over

her features. She drew her hand from his, and open-

ing a drawer in the secretary near where they sat, dis-

played to Graydon heaps of gold and bills.

"See," she said, "this is my money, here he keeps

it. I have access, but I dare not touch it. Take it all,

you, Graydon, that I love you. Take it, take it all. I

will leave him anger."

"No! I want no money of his. I would take from

him only what he knows not how to use. I would

take you, Emilia, you must be mine." As he spoke,

he caught her in his arms. "Come! within a few

yards is my carriage; in a few hours we will be in

safety beyond pursuit. See, Emilia, I am rich, I would

not fall in poverty. No! no! And Graydon drew

from his pocket a long wallet. Here is wealth, one

hundred and fifty thousand dollars. You see I am

still rich. Come, Emilia! And he pressed the clasp-

ing woman in his arms.

"Stop!" said a calm, unimpassioned voice. "The

firm of Farr, Graydon & Co., was originally estab-

lished by the father of John Graydon, who three years

before this time had retired, leaving the principal charge

of this establishment in the hands of his son, who had

been brought up in it, and had the entire confidence of

all.

"Three little days," said Graydon, "it is a short

time; only three days of grace, and I am a ruined

man. The world will know that I am a gambler, a

fool, and a thief, the robber of those who have en-

trusted their all in my hands. It is pleasant to con-

template that in three days, next Thursday, this room

will be filled with frightened people poring over those

very books, and cursing me from their souls. To

piece of gold into the hands of each of the officers and

dismissing them.

As the street door closed, Emilia burst into tears.

Graydon flew to her. "Why do you weep?" he said,

"Is it at the loss of this wretch, Emilia? Do you regret

him? It is not yet too late." He will again receive

you," and he sneered. "You love him?"

"No, no!" sobbed Emilia, "no love; shame, shame,

before you, Graydon, that I could have lived with

and borne so mean, so base a wretch. No! no! I

do not love him, I hate."

"Come, Emilia, let us leave this horrible place.

There is poison in the very air. I do not wish to see

the face of that man again, or there will be murder

done, whatever be the result."

In a short space from this, Graydon handed Emilia

into his sleigh, which still stood upon the spot where

he had left it. As he laid the lash upon the team, a

dark figure passed under the gas-light and raised his

hat in salute. It was Williston.

Next day the city rang with the failure of Farr,

Graydon & Co., Bankers; caused by the defalcation

and disappearance of John Graydon. No trace could

be had of the fugitive save the evidence given by Robert,

the coachman, who had received his master and an

unknown lady into the sleigh at about eleven o'clock

the previous evening. That he had left them at the

corner of Courtland street and Broadway, according to

his orders, and driven home.

We will change the time and the scene. It is ten

years later, and a well known gambling establishment,

now hundred miles from Canal street and Broad-

way.

Walking about the room is a tall, dark man; his

hair is touched with gray, his age, perhaps fifty; he

stops at each change of the game to renew his stake.

Luck is with him to-night, and the gold has heaped

upon the table. Perfectly cool and uninterested he

sees it increase. Another enters, a younger man than

the first; a very heavy, dark beard and moustache

shows his face. He wears glasses, and a look that

says he is a stranger; one who has dwelt sufficiently

long under a Southern sun to have become well em-

browned. He lays a roll of gold upon the table and

looks at it with a smile of success. Without

looking at or addressing any one directly, he lays down

the third roll, and speaking as though to himself, says,

"This is my last; when that is lost, so am I."

The first player started at the voice, and leaning over

the table toward the loser, said "Graydon." The other

raised his eyes for a moment, instantly cast them down,

seized the roll of gold, and again dropping it, looked in-

ferently in the face of his opponent, and said, "If you mean,

sir, to address me by that name, you are mistaken; that

is not my name."

As he spoke his gold was rolled away and he was

again a loser. He turned from the table. The other

advanced. "I think I heard you say, sir, that you

were without money. Will you allow me to become

your banker, to offer you a loan?"

"No sir, I never borrow, more especially from those

I do not know."

"Let me introduce myself, then," said the other, draw-

ing nearer. "My name is Williston."

The other bowed.

the law. You perceive," continued he, pointing to a

rough-looking man passing, "that is the great de-

fective, Bolter. You have heard of him no doubt. I

know that Bolter watches me; I also watch Bolter. I

know that nothing would please Bolter so much as to

find me within the boundaries of this law. Not that

Bolter would really pass me over to its merces; O

no! Bolter knows better than that. But, my dear

Colonel, as it is, you must know that Bolter gets only

an occasional twenty, which Bolter borrows and for-

gets to return, but if Bolter once found my feet on a

blinden road, then Bolter's twenties would increase to

hundreds perhaps thousands. You see it is part of my

business, my dear Colonel, to know exactly where the

boundary-line of his terrible bugbear law runs, so that

I may not step over it. I think, my dear Colonel, you

must resign from the Brazilian service, and throw

yourself upon society."

Graydon looked upon this man, who, confessing him-

self educated in reality, perfectly master of every

step, yet declared that honesty paid better. His

mind went back over ten years; he saw himself the

rich and honored banker, the upright business

man; he thought, where, had he continued in this

path, might he now have reached, and he thought

of the route he had pursued—a fugitive from the city

that gave him birth, lost to kindred and society, a

wanderer upon the face of the earth, without an affec-

tion, without a tie, seeking in the excitement of the

gambling-table the balm for a mind diseased. O! for

the experience of the lost to instill into the minds of

the wayward! O! that the youth in making his first

false step could have all his dark future spread before

him in a vision, that he could see how much better

it paid to be honest! Better in money, better in peace

of mind, better here and hereafter.

"And now, Colonel," resumed Williston, "you

want money?"

Graydon was silent.

"Very well, silence gives consent. I can put you

in a way of getting it. Listen, we are both honest

men. I wish to stay in New York. You do not. You

understand these Wall-street affairs better than I. No

difference, no difference, my dear sir. Wall-street is

Wall-street, the buildings, the men, may change, but

the nature is there still—Wall-street will be the same

in constitution a hundred years hence as now. I can-

not afford to leave New York, but, my dear Colonel, I

have a little business which we can transact together;

we can each pocket about fifty thousand dollars by

the operation; then you have only to return to the

Brazilian service, leaving New York at your convenience

anytime within a month. What say you, Colonel?"

"Go on," said Graydon.

"Very well," resumed Williston, "I have in my

pocket one hundred thousand dollars of Chilean

Government Bonds, so well done that they cannot be

detected. You understand me. Cannot be detected?

They can be sold in Wall-street at a little over par

value. It will be exactly two months, Colonel, before

it will be known that they are not genuine. I believe

I need not say any more."

"No, you need not say any more, villain. It is now

my turn. Now, Emilia, it is my mission to avenge you.

Williston, in all this, I see the hand of my destiny.

(For the New York Saturday Press.)

KEEPSAKES.

I have as neat a hat of plant barley

As ever graced the head of country-lads:

'Twas brided by the skillful hand of Charley,

And trimmed with a soft roll of prairie-grass.

They made me queen, once, at a May-day riot,

With flowers they would have twined my giddy head,

But he must crown me with that hat, and tie it,

And steal the kiss for which he vainly pled.

I have a string to which are tied the rattles

Of nine fierce messengers, black and long:

'Twas Charley won them in nine bloody battles,

Dramatic Feuilleton.

INSCRIBED TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

I take my pen in hand, as the young ladies say—as the pen was usually carried between the toes, which in case of certain unlucky addressees it sometimes is to tell you that my friends of THE SATURDAY PRESS insist that I shall enlighten that dull sheet, every week, with a dramatic feuilleton, whether I have anything to write about or not, which, between you and me, general, I very rarely have as you must have found out long ago though I don't suppose you care much about it and I wouldn't make any difference that I know of if you did which may be a rather disagreeable way of putting it and in that case I take it all back and go right on just as if I hadn't said it and we were just as good friends as ever as I hope we are, not so much for my sake as yours which makes all the difference imaginable.

I suppose if I were clever and witty like PERSONE, who will weave the most delicate and graceful veil in the world out of nothing (like a spider), I could take the dramatic doings of this last week, and make a story out of them that would entertain you as much as a leader in the World, or the last article in the Boston Herald (which is really very funny), on infant damnation.

But then, I am neither clever nor witty, and so must do the best I can, or lose my place, which is something too dreadful to think of, especially just now when the opera-season is setting in, and there will be topics and to spare, of Martez and Uman (whose name, by the way, I could never spell) are not the men I take them for.

The topic which has interested me most this week is the accident that happened the other day to DOLLY DAYTON, and of which I spoke last week—not knowing how serious it was—rather lightly.

Poor fellow, he writes that grateful as he would be for the wooden arm I so kindly offered to get up for him, he was much more likely, at the time, to be in need of a wooden leg, though happily that danger is now past, and new accidents excepted, he will be about again in a few weeks, sound in wind and limb, and ready, general, to receive your congratulations which, I trust will be offered to him in a very solid form.

My other invalid—THOMAS HANSON—is now almost well, and is doing so much better than he expected that Peoria, Peabodist, Brainstorm, etc., when they see him go through his perilous performances every night, at Nixon's, fancy that trifling forty feet from the ceiling is as common and as falling an affair as falling from grace.

I never tried either, myself, so I don't know; but if the alternative were offered me, I should certainly have my choice, and I fear it would not be for the ceiling, though if I belonged to THE WORLD, I might think differently.

And, speaking of invalids, I came near having another one on my list last week in the person of Mlle Zoyara, who fell backwards from her horse (which she did at one of the Pentland's jokes), and came down to the ground, as it seemed to me, with force enough to break her spine.

But I believe those circus people don't have any spines. I'm certain the Hansons haven't, and as for Zoyara, everything is doubtful about her, even her sex, though I have my own notions on that point, which I wouldn't change even on a certificate from the College of Surgeons.

But I am forgetting to say that Zoyara had hardly fallen (and she, by the way, couldn't fall from "grace," without altering her whole nature), before she was on her horse again, and going through a series of feats which surprised Pentland so much that he kept his mouth shut (to the great delight of the house) for over ten minutes.

It was like the "silver in heaven" spoken of in Revelations, though I believe that lasted "half-an-hour."

If J. P. should be silent for half an hour, he'd burst, and Nixon's fortune would be made.

And now I might as well hush myself, for as I intimated at the beginning, there is nothing going on in the Dramatic World worth talking about, and won't be till next week, when PATRICK will once more be the rage, and the Subscriber—who, fortunately, doesn't know enough about music to prevent his enjoying it—will be in his element.

But why not say something—you may ask, General—about "Anderson's Great Cyclopic Magic-drama" at the Winter Garden; the Curriculum at Nixon's; and Miss Jane Combs at Wallack's?

Pray, what would you have me say?

I went once to see Anderson, and told you what I thought of him and his long-winded things, last week; and as for the Curriculum, my dislike for muscular fellows generally (please always except the gentleman Hansons, when I speak of them) is so great, that their performances fall to interest me; while in respect to Miss Combs, she is as awfully gentle and respectable in her style of acting, that after seeing her it requires a week of Mrs. Wood to restore me to my natural state of mind.

And a week of Mrs. Wood is not always to be had. The lady who acted in "Our American Cousin" under that name, is to my seeming quite another person. I must have the genuine original Mrs. Wood, or nothing; and as I am not likely to have her for a long time, I decline to see Miss Combs, and beg to sign myself

Yours as much as anybody's,

QUESTIONS.

P. S.—I see, General, by the following editorial article from the Chicago Press and Tribune, that one of my particular favorites is making quite a sensation out West.

Didn't I tell you so?

THE second appearance of this celebrated juvenile performer, whose early fame was so potent in our city, attracted a full and fashionable house last evening. The warm commendation pronounced upon this talented and accomplished youthful artist by the New York and Boston press, and the lavish encomiums bestowed upon the new tragedy of Gertrude in all the Eastern cities, combined to render the performance of the evening one of the most successful of the season.

Her entrance last evening was the signal for hearty plaudits, and the admiration of her auditors was challenged at once by the striking face and gracefully majestic figure, as well as the wonderful dramatic capacity of the character of the heroine in a most interesting and admirable performance. When we first saw the gentle girl whose downcast eyes and blushing cheeks so modestly acknowledged her welcome to the scene of past triumphs, we were utterly unprepared for the impassioned earnestness which made her face glow and her eyes flash like lightning with the intensity of the scene. We at once accord to Miss Bauman the very highest place among the tragediennes of the day, combining in her the power and intellect of Cushman with the graceful sweetness of Julia Dean.

The play is a complete picture of feudal days, and was well mounted, and the character of the heroine was performed by Miss Bauman, as the bard, brought down the house and gave great effect to a most powerful scene.

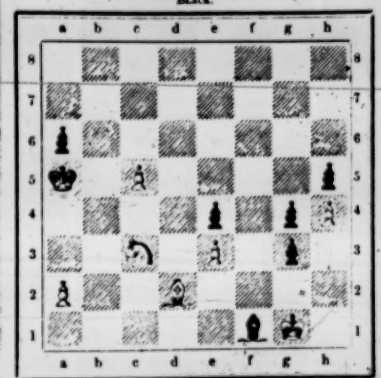
Chess Column.

The New York Saturday Press.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

PROBLEM No. 44.

By FRANKLIN LEE, of Troy, N. Y.



White to play, and mate in five moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 42.
1. Q. K1-Q1. 2. K. K1-Q1. 3. K. K1-Q1. 4. K. K1-Q1. 5. K. K1-Q1. 6. K. K1-Q1. 7. K. K1-Q1. 8. K. K1-Q1. 9. K. K1-Q1. 10. K. K1-Q1. 11. K. K1-Q1. 12. K. K1-Q1. 13. K. K1-Q1. 14. K. K1-Q1. 15. K. K1-Q1. 16. K. K1-Q1. 17. K. K1-Q1. 18. K. K1-Q1. 19. K. K1-Q1. 20. K. K1-Q1. 21. K. K1-Q1. 22. K. K1-Q1. 23. K. K1-Q1. 24. K. K1-Q1. 25. K. K1-Q1. 26. K. K1-Q1. 27. K. K1-Q1. 28. K. K1-Q1. 29. K. K1-Q1. 30. K. K1-Q1. 31. K. K1-Q1. 32. K. K1-Q1. 33. K. K1-Q1. 34. K. K1-Q1. 35. K. K1-Q1. 36. K. K1-Q1. 37. K. K1-Q1. 38. K. K1-Q1. 39. K. K1-Q1. 40. K. K1-Q1. 41. K. K1-Q1. 42. K. K1-Q1. 43. K. K1-Q1. 44. K. K1-Q1. 45. K. K1-Q1. 46. K. K1-Q1. 47. K. K1-Q1. 48. K. K1-Q1. 49. K. K1-Q1. 50. K. K1-Q1. 51. K. K1-Q1. 52. K. K1-Q1. 53. K. K1-Q1. 54. K. K1-Q1. 55. K. K1-Q1. 56. K. K1-Q1. 57. K. K1-Q1. 58. K. K1-Q1. 59. K. K1-Q1. 60. K. K1-Q1. 61. K. K1-Q1. 62. K. K1-Q1. 63. K. K1-Q1. 64. K. K1-Q1. 65. K. K1-Q1. 66. K. K1-Q1. 67. K. K1-Q1. 68. K. K1-Q1. 69. K. K1-Q1. 70. K. K1-Q1. 71. K. K1-Q1. 72. K. 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THE SWORD OF CASTRUCIO CASTRUCANI.

By the Author of "The King of the Ring."

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The corner of Octavio's costly, unsuitable camel-hair

Bourne, in such a manner as to make it appear that

she had been the cause.

"Mille pardons!" cried Octavio, and she and her

sister hastened to help the artist gather up his draw-

ings, while he assured them, with more truth than

such assurances generally contain, that they were not

the cause; it was his own carelessness entirely, and en-

tirely of them not to give themselves so much trouble

about a mere trifle. The glorious golden light of the

setting sun illuminated the whole boat, and gave a

fine effect to some water-colored studies among the col-

lection.

"This is gloriously beautiful!" exclaimed Octavio,

seizing one of his own lovely Capri; look, Fan! and

this, (amaldosi as I live) with its rich chestnut foliage;

look, look, Fan!

"Octavio," whispered the other in a cautioning tone,

as she saw her impulsive sister about to vent herself

and turn over the contents of the artist's portfolio, while

he pretended to be entirely occupied in searching for

some stray leaves near the guards of the boat.

"Nonsense!" answered Octavio, "I shall never see

the man again. He does not know us, and—"

Just then he approached, and with the aplomb of a

man accustomed to the outside world, and an easy

courtesy derived from cultivated associations, entered

into conversation with the two girls. They turned

over the sketches together, and compared memories

of places they had both seen: the delighted German

gave graphic descriptions, and Octavio added her poetry

and pretty vague romance to the talk. One might

have supposed they had been friends from infancy, and

they themselves even forgot that they were strangers;

it was as if they had suddenly met after a separation of

an existence's duration, and were living over past

memories together, as rapidly as if they knew they

never should meet again.

The boat stopped at Vevey, landed passengers, start-

ed again, swept by the pretty, little half ruin of La

Tour-de-Peilz, with its nodding Lombardy poplars, all

unnoticed by these happy young people. At

Montreux, some boat-hands came near them, to re-

move a lot of luggage deposited near their benches, and

in doing so, seized a box which belonged to the Ger-

man and were carrying it off rapidly. He sprang up

and followed them, to tell them of their mistake.

The explanation and putting of the box in a safe place

occupied some minutes, and when he returned to his

seat, he found his charming companions gone, while a

handkerchief which he could just see in the deepening

twilight, waved from a boat that was fast rowing to

the shore, for the boat was too strong for the steamer

to go up to the wharf—told him plainly what had be-

come of them.

His first impulse was to follow them, but it was too

late; already the boat was cutting swiftly through

the "mazy waters" that dashed up against the "isolated

rock of Chillon." He tapped his foot with vexation,

and felt like one suddenly awakened from a curious,

delightful dream, bewildered and a little out of hu-

mor at the awakening. After a few moments he

stepped to shut up the open sketch-book and portefeu-

ille, saying to himself with a laugh,

"I verily believe I have had a raptus, and imagined

the whole thing."

Something fell at his feet: it was a glove, he had

seen Octavio playing with while talking.

"A pretty tangible proof at all events, although

none the less a raptus," he continued, as he examined

the lost glove of the girl.

"It's not a little hand," he said, spreading it out to

its full size; "my little Ida's both hands could go in-

to it readily; but it is one of those 'heroic hands'—

Giuseppe Vitelli raves over, and is always scolding

her. She might have Roman blood in her veins for her

form and face are quite of that type."

As he smoothed out the really well-sized fingers

of the straw-colored glove on his palm, a little contem-

plantly and tenderly, as if it might have been the lady's

own hand, he felt something hard in the third finger;

shook the glove carefully, and out rolled a ring, which

had evidently slipped from the finger when the glove

had been pulled off.

"Aha!" cried he as he took it to the lamp at the

wheel to examine it. It was a Mexican ring of curious

workmanship; a plaited cord of gold, which had on its

top two hands clasped over a diamond, and a fine ruby

glittered in the gold wrist of each hand. While exam-

ining the pretty jewel he pressed one of the rules un-

consciously, the ring flew apart, disclosing an inner one,

which, directly under the clasped hands, was a little

gold heart surmounted by the diamond. On looking at

it more closely, he saw that there was an inscription

engraved on it, and by the aid of the flower magnifying

glass he had in his green tin, he read: "Ernest"

"Octavio—Jan. 1, 18—"

"Humph!" a betrothal ring evidently, he muttered

in a dissatisfied, piqued tone, just as if he had not also

exchanged betrothal rings with the pretty Ida whose

little hand he had talked of, and had surely no right to

be dissatisfied at finding out that the captivating Octa-

vio, like himself, was also betrothed, not even to be giving

any delicious dreamy thoughts, however vague and

unmeaning, to the charming, little, romantic episode

in his journey. But there was the ring, and still worse

the memory of the affair; for human nature is human

nature, even when it does not mean any harm.

"Pshaw!" he continued in a vexed tone, as after

looking at the ring for a long while, he wrapped it up

in the glove, and put it into a still little pocket of a car-

net, which was deposited in a still silver little vest-pock-

et, actually as near his heart as the blue enamelled

medallion nestling there containing one of the good

little Ida's golden curls, would let it come—"Pshaw!

what admirable coquettes women are."

Then he clasped his portefeuille together with a jerk

that was anything but amiable, or in keeping with his

he could comprehend the affair; he would bother him-

self and me about it incessantly."

"I detest the sight of the man, for the trouble that

ring gave me; for I always blamed myself about it.

But to let me see dear little Julie, you never would

have taken the madcap trip, and therefore never lost

the ring."

"Nonsense, ma chère; neither you nor the poor

fellow were to blame—only my own heedlessness. But

now the trouble is all over, I don't care anything

about it; though we had a bother about that ring,

did we not? And that clever old Brogniart of Geneva,

how nicely he managed! Do you remember the day

he asked Ernest to let him look at his ring, when we

were in his shop, and said—the naughty old fellow that

he was—when Ernest told him he did not wish the ring

imitated, that it would be quite impossible to copy it?

And how his sly little black eyes glittered to copy it!

At me all the while, as serious as an old monkey? And

then his faintest air he had one ready for me—the

perfect facsimile of Ernest's. And do you remember

the cut finger I had to pretend to have, so as to avoid

annoying Ernest by telling him of the loss of my ring?

and how he laughed at my romance because I insisted

on his putting on the ring after the pretended finger

got well! Well, it was a naughty little piece of hy-

poetry, Fan, and one I should hate to live with, but

for dear Ernest's perfect want of comprehension of real

life."

"Hush, Octavio! here he is!"

"Who? Ernest?" She turned with a quick move-

ment, and faced, full front, the German.

Nature was stronger than culture; and as the rich

blood mounted to her cheek, she was just on the point

of speaking to him, when a voice restrained her to be-

sides. A gentleman entered the salie and came up to

them with a quick, resolute step, saying "Come, la-

dies: the carriage waits below."

He was a fine, handsome man, with a high forehead;

clear, sharp, eagle outline; eyes like steel; and a firm

mouth, whose thin, unelastic lips, seemed to taste and

enjoy power. Yes! that description of the Earl in

"Lady Glencairn," would exactly apply to him, and

made a proud man; and if he was "Ernest," the

greatest, controlling voice in the world, he would be

gladly obedient looking at him might have easily

marvelled at the contrast between him and Octavio,

and perfectly understood, without one single word of

explanation, why she should not wish to tell him

anything that smacked of adventure, or that deviated

in the slightest degree from his own high aristocratic

way.

They left the salie, and the tantalized German stood

for a few minutes as if riveted to the ground. Sudden-

ly coming to his senses, he hurried out by the same

door the English party had taken. (He reached the

entrance of the grand vestibule of the Musée, just in

time to see the whole party drive off in an open

carriage, which swept around the corner, and was soon

lost in the crowd that throngs that great street-arcade

of Naples, the Toledo.

As he turned back to re-enter the building, he jostled

against some one; it was the valet whom he had

noticed as being in attendance on the ladies in the Gal-

lery; and who had been busily engaged in examining

the address of a note he held in his hand. "John

Tummas," nearly knocked off his heels by the imper-

ious German's quick movement; was so bewildered,

that he thought it had been his own fault, and com-

menced scolding very civilly, which emboldened